

MEN OF THE MAINE.

A Last Look at the Graves of Deceased Patriots.

MRS. FANNY B. WARD'S LETTER.

THE "INTELLIGENCER'S" CORRESPONDENT PAYS A FAREWELL VISIT TO THE TOMBS OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS WHO WERE TREACHEROUSLY SLAYED IN HAVANA HARBOR—DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAVEYARD WHERE THEY LIE—SOME TENDER DEATH BED SCENES RELATED—SOME SPANISH CHARACTERISTICS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13.—The last thing I did before leaving Havana was to go out to the Cementario de Cristoval Colon, to photograph the graves of our men of the "Maine," for the sake of their friends at home. It was a faultless summer morning, cooled and sweetened by trade winds, waiting the odor of flowers on their wings—such weather as would make a paradise of Cuba without these dreadful conditions of war. The "Cementario" lies about three miles from the heart of the city. You may go by horse-car as far as the suburb, Jesus del Monte, and thence to the gate of the enclosure in a ten-cent bus; or you may take a carriage, at the rate of \$1.50 per hour. Havana's 3,000 or more public carriages carry you from point to point anywhere within the city limits for twenty cents each way; but they make up for that cheapness, by charging five times as much if they cross the line of demarcation into the suburbs, by so much as a quarter of a mile. The student of human nature gets a good deal more out of the trip in the democratic horse-car; but as time was an object on our last day in Cuba, we chose the quicker transit of the carriage. The drive is a beautiful one, past city parks and plazas, abloom with roses; the great market house, with its facade of "portales," or covered arches—under each arch a regular curio-store of a shop; through interminable narrow streets, built closely up with low, flat-roofed buildings, painted sky-blue, purple, rose-pink, pea-green, all with iron-barred windows. The retail traders placard their infinitesimal stocks with high-sounding titles—such as the shoe-shop of La Rlena de las Flores, "The Queen of the Flowers"; the grocery of the Lovers of Venus, the old clothes cleaner of His Gracious Majesty, Alphonso VII, etc. Havana has been correctly described as a city of smells and noises. It is a relief when the everlasting racket of the cobble stones is exchanged for the smooth roll of wheels over a macadamized road, though the latter is deep in dust and white as snow in a glaring sun-shine. Down the middle of the road statues stand at frequent intervals—old marbles figures, quiet and weather-stained. Dusty trees line the way; beneath them, on either side, a little stream bubbles along a pebbly ditch; and the fields are hedged with organ cactus, its "pipes" covered with stinging spines, growing close together, higher than a man's head, forming a barrier which no living thing can pass.

Governor General's Palace.

The governor-general's country place is close to the city limits on the cemetery road. It is a magnificent estate, with towering palms, a wilderness of flowers and extensive park in which the choicest vegetation of the tropics flourish to perfection. The mansion—large, low, white-painted and surrounded by latticed verandas—remains closed in these troublous times; but formerly the rulers of Cuba spent most of the year here, and gave frequent receptions which were attended by the flower of Havana's society. It is said that the ornate iron paling which surrounds these grounds was stolen from the municipality by a former governor-general. It enclosed the central plaza, with its score of entrances, and the good people were very proud of it. But his excellency needed a new fence for his country place and preferred to economize the money in the treasury for other private uses. So one night after dark, the transfer was made by a company of soldiers, and next morning the astonished citizens could hardly believe their eyes at the sight of the denuded park.

Adjoining this place is the botanical garden, a wonderful array of royal palms, second only to that of Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil. A little further on is the Quinta (Garden) of the business men's club—a one-story, rambling, red-tiled building, surrounded by shrubbery. Members of this club, who keep up their dues of a dollar a month, can go out to this place at any time for a few days' rest and recuperation, or for nursing when actually ill. Another interesting institution on this road is the retreat of a Catholic sisterhood, corresponding to the order known in the United States as "The Little Sisters of the Poor." The valuable estate, with its fine old mansion set far back from the highway beneath green fields and royal palms, was bequeathed to the order many years ago by a wealthy Cuban lady, and the Little Sisters, now very aged women, are "joggling toward sunset" in peaceful retirement.

Rustic tiendas are scattered along the way, through whose open doors white draped tables are seen; and the clinking of glasses indicate that the refreshment is mostly in liquid form. Donkeys are constantly met—some times singly, some times tandem, half a dozen in line, hauling a heavy load—always wonderfully caparisoned with jangling bells and scarlet tassels, and harnessed with white wool at the shafts and harness thickly studded with big brass nails. Ox teams are frequent, long trains of them, yoked two abreast, their poor heads bowed almost to the earth by the load of wood upon the horns, held in place by a cruel rope drawn through the nostrils. It makes one's heart ache to witness the treatment of animals in Cuba—and nothing seems to fare worse than oxen, the most patient and faithful of all beasts of burden. How their heads must ache under those heavy yokes, staggering all day long, lashed and goaded at every step, though pulling the utmost ounce of goods they are capable. When the day's work is done, the suffering beasts, often without water and grudgingly fed, only to keep strength in them, must still retain the yoke, for it is too much trouble for the owner to take it off and put it on in the morning.

The Cemetery.

Nearing the cemetery, we passed a group of barefooted boys, shouting with happy laughter, as they loitered along the way. Looking back at the hilarious company, I was astonished to see in the midst a little white coffin. It was a funeral procession! The Spanish custom is to bury the dead at once, and women do not attend funerals, you know; but the spectacle of some mother's baby being carried to its grave by a lot of irresponsible boys, was to me something shocking. Hurrying back, I halted the laughing procession and made a photograph of it, while the boys obligingly held up the paper "floral" tributes. Presently another procession was overtaken—a score or

more of colored men, on foot, one might say on barefoot, carrying on their shoulders a full length black coffin. Doubtless they belonged to a certain secret organization of Cuba, composed entirely of negroes, whose deceased members are always buried according to the rules of the order, carried to the grave on the shoulders of their comrades and interred with mysterious rites. Several "awful" funerals dashed merrily by, each with its gorgeous hearse, decked with plumes, and gliding, the horses canopied with cloth of gold, and driver sitting aloft in scarlet coat, knee breeches, and cocked hat—almost a fac-simile of some of our colonial soldiers, as shown in the old portraits. Anon it was the white hearse with snowy plumes of some child of wealth—horses covered with white netting and silver trappings; but always the driver in his gaudy costume of scarlet and yellow, followed by a train of carriages filled with men. Occasionally the dead cart rumbled by on a smart dog-trot—a closed black box, not unlike the baker's wagon, with nothing to indicate its gruesome purpose, but the caballistic red letters painted on the rear.

The cemetery of Christopher Columbus was established about twenty years ago, by removing the bones from an ancient grave-yard nearby. It is an imposing place, with thousands of sky-piercing monuments, enclosed within massive stone walls, topped with an iron railing. The lofty gates at the entrance are closed and locked at nightfall; but more than once I have arrived after the closing hour and found that a dollar would unbar the gates and keep the custodian waiting an indefinite time. A wide drive-way, between rows of pine and Indian laurel trees, runs from the entrance straight through to the dead-house against the farther wall, intersected mid-way by another avenue of equal width and crossed at right angles by narrow pathways. Exactly in the center stands a handsome circular chapel, and at one side, a very large space is covered with marble slabs, laid flat on the ground above the bones of thousands of unclaimed dead from the older cemetery. Among the most notable monuments is that of the Bomberos, (firemen)—a magnificent work of art, erected in memory of fourteen gallant men who lost their lives in saving others. As in most Spanish-American countries, the Bomberos of Cuba are a rather swell organization, composed of young men in the best society. They are not remarkably efficient in subduing conflagrations—generally taking things leisurely and riding to the scene of disaster in their carriages, with whin-lives are in danger their valor is unquestioned.

A Striking Monument.

Another striking monument is of purest white marble, in the form of a temple, from whose open door the angel of innocence, a beautiful life-size statue, is flying. It commemorates a tragedy essentially Spanish in its character. Beneath the temple lie the bones of seven young medical students, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen—sons of well-to-do Cuban families. Formerly the Cuban medical college stood near the cemetery and the students used frequently to walk and study under the shade of its trees. One day it was discovered that the tomb of some noted Spaniard had been "desecrated" by being marked with a lead pencil. Thereupon great was the indignation of the Spanish government and satisfaction for outraged "honor" was demanded. It was taken for granted that the mischief was wrought by the medical students, although there was no way of proving who were the culprits; so the whole school was put into prison, and finally it was determined to make an example of seven. Lots were cast, and the seven thus designated were led out and shot. The grief-stricken parents, whose sons were thus cut off in the morning of life, for an offense they had probably not committed, received universal sympathy—even from Spaniards after their "honor" had been vindicated. The boys were buried in one grave and over them the government caused this costly monument to be erected with its appropriate symbol of the angel of innocence flying out of it! A parallel example of the generosity of Spain's paternal government was the gorgeous funeral of the murdered man of the Maine, paid for with Spanish gold.

The graves of our sailors lie in the newest and least populous portion of the cemetery, equidistant from the aristocratic section of splendid monuments and the crowded corner of the potter's field. It looks very bare and desolate, compared to our northern cemeteries or the care which each grave would receive could the boys have been buried at home. The large space of reddish-yellow, gravelly earth is not marked off into regular mounds, no blade of grass grows on it, and there is no thought of decoration beyond a few faded flowers left by American visitors and the white wooden cross set up over poor Holzer, the last man who died in San Ambrosia. Perhaps a fine monument may be erected here when peace is restored; but how much better, it seems to me, would it be to devote the money which a pile of chiseled marble would cost toward taking home the remains, after the time required by Cuban law has expired, and turning them over to their friends. Could the men themselves have a voice in the matter, they would not wish to rest among their murderers.

Oh, the City of It.

I have in mind at this moment one of those who died in the hospital after several days of intense suffering, George Koebler, of Brooklyn; a bright young fellow with true blue eyes, who looked up with such an expression of pride and love on his face when he said "to my wife," in reply to my question if it was his sweetheart to whom I had been writing. At his dictation I had written words of love and cheer to "Maggie," and the assurance that he would soon be with her. Poor boy! He seemed too young to be married—and much too young to die. As I stood in the cemetery, making a mental as well as a mechanical photograph of the scene, a light wind swept through the nearby avenue of pines with the sound of an aeolian harp. One is profoundly impressed in this place at all times, by the music of the pines; a perpetual requiem, rising and falling with the slightest breeze. The morning sunshine was

The Successful Remedy for NASAL CATARRH

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Ely's Cream Balm combines the important requisites of quick action and specific curative powers with perfect safety to the patient. This agreeable remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has, and both physicians and patients testify to the fact. All nasal passages are inflamed, and the discharge is cheerfully accepted, and in it the action of the balm is being reached. The most distressing symptoms quickly yield to it. In acute cases the Balm imparts almost instant relief.

By Absorption.

Catarrhal sufferers are told remember that Ely's Cream Balm is the only catarrh remedy which is quickly and thoroughly absorbed by the diseased membrane. It does not dry up the secretions, but changes them to a limpid and odorless condition, and finally to a natural and healthy character. The Balm can be found at any drug store, or by sending 50 cents to Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York, it will be mailed.

Full directions with each package. Cream Balm opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays inflammation, thereby stopping pain in the head, heals and protects the membrane and restores the senses of taste and smell. The Balm is applied directly into the nostrils. inr22-cow

OPEN LETTERS FROM

Jennie E. Green and Mrs. Harry Hardy.

JENNIE E. GREEN, Denmark, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had been sick at my monthly periods for seven years, and tried almost everything I ever heard of, but without any benefit. Was troubled with backache, headache, pains in the shoulders and dizziness. Through my mother I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has done me so much good. I am now sound and well."

Mrs. HARRY HARDY, Riverside, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham the story of her struggle with serious ovarian trouble, and the benefit she received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This is her letter: "How thankful I am that I took your medicine. I was troubled for two years with inflammation of the womb and ovaries, womb was also very low. I was in constant misery. I had heart trouble, was short of breath and could not walk five blocks to save my life. Suffered very much with my back, had headache all the time, was nervous, menstruations were irregular and painful, had a bad discharge and was troubled with bloating. I was a perfect wreck. Had doctored and taken local treatments, but still was no better. I was advised by one of my neighbors to write to you. I have now finished the second bottle of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am better in every way. I am able to do all my own work and can walk nearly a mile without fatigue; something I had not been able to do for over two years. Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors."

sweet with the odor of flowers. The sky arching above seemed warmed and bluer than the skies at home. A mocking bird, perched on the arm of a black painted cross, filled the air with melody. He seemed to be singing "Life is Short and eternity long. Why waste while the worthless frame is laid when the soul has gone out of it? Love cannot die and true hearts find each other again—somehow, somewhere." The re-concentrated corner in this cemetery is a vast space of bare gravel—one great grave, to which frequent additions are made. Two or three men were busily throwing up dirt to make room for the day's interments, occasionally tossing up skulls and marrow bones, to which nobody paid the least attention—though not more than one cranium with hair clinging to it, as if its owner were recently among the living. Most of the interments in this section are made without coffins—the bodies brought on stretchers, laid uncovered in the dirt, and quick-lime shoveled over.

Then I paid a visit to the "dead house," where the carts were unloading their morning cargo from Los Fossos and the city hospitals. In the long, dim room, with its concrete floor and iron-barred windows without glass in them, a row of tables was covered with coffins and with cadavers on stretchers. Among the latter was a soldier—bare legs and arms sticking out and head swathed in his own dirty blanket; a fair sample of the care with which Spain rewards her defenders. In a candle box, painted sky-blue but without a cover, lay a tiny baby, with red paper roses in its hands and hair, waiting its turn of burial by rude hands in the re-concentrated corner. A ray of sunlight shining through the window touched the baby's hair as with a benediction. I spread my handkerchief over the little face—but with small hope that the unfeeling grave-diggers would leave it there when the clock was thrown over. Luckily there are no flies in fever-infested Cuba. Adjoining this chamber of horrors is another, piled to the ceiling with quick-lime—a rapidly decreasing supply as the burials progress.

At the suggestion of the sexton, I entered the carriage and was driven to the remote northeastern corner of the enclosure, to a place which few who visit this cemetery ever hear of. It is a large, square pit, of what depth nobody knows, filled to the brim with human bones—taken from the old cemetery and from hired graves in the new one after the rental has expired. The tracks of wheels over crumbled bones show where horses and carts are driven in over the heap to deposit fresh loads. Hundreds of broken coffins were piled in one corner, and thousands of skulls—some white and shining with long exposure to the sun, others with grave mold green upon them—grinned from every side, as who should say "This is consecrated ground."

FANNIE B. WARD.

A LIVE TOPIC.

Torpedo Boats and Their Destroyers—Capacities for Destruction.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: A torpedo boat is a long, narrow craft, lying low in the water, capable of attaining a high rate of speed and discharging torpedoes capable of doing an immense amount of damage when successfully directed. The ordinary torpedo boat is from sixty to 150 feet in length. The torpedo used is a hollow steel projectile, shaped like a fish and about twelve to eighteen feet long. In the front end is what is called a war-head, packed with gun cotton. The interior is filled with machinery, which is moved by compressed air. When discharged from the torpedo boat they fall into the water and travel along under the surface at a high rate of speed until they strike an obstacle. The torpedo then explodes, and as it is loaded with from 120 to 250 pounds of gun cotton, the shock is frightful. The torpedo which struck the side of the Brazilian insurgent ship, Aquidaban, some years since, made a hole big enough to drive a hay wagon through. The torpedo boat destroyer is a craft built for speed. Everything is sacrificed to that object. They are also of lighter draught than the ordinary torpedo boat, so that they may follow it into shallow waters. They are intended to run down and destroy opposing torpedo boats. The Plunton, one of five Spanish torpedo boat destroyers built exactly alike, is capable of a speed of thirty-four and one half miles an hour. The United States does not own one boat of this kind.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Logan Drug Co., Drug Store, Regular \$1.00 and \$1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. m-w&f

WAR TAXES.

Articles to be Taxed for the Revenues of the Government.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—The Republican members of the ways and means committee of the house have practically completed the preparation of the bill which will be passed to raise revenue sufficient to prosecute the war. The members propose that the present generation shall bear the burden of the war, and proceeding upon that theory, they have prepared a bill that will raise between \$100,000,000 and \$120,000,000 additional revenue per annum. The bill will provide for an additional tax of \$1 a barrel upon beer, from which \$30,000,000 will be raised. Upon manufactured tobacco and snuff the internal revenue tax will be increased from six to twelve cents. This is expected to raise \$15,000,000 revenue. The increase on cigars and cigarettes has not been absolutely fixed, but it probably will be \$1 on all classes. From this \$5,000,000 is expected.

The proposition which the senate placed in the tariff bill, but which went out in conference, to tax all stocks and transfers of corporations, is embodied in the measure, together with practically all the scheme of internal taxation of the act of 1896, which includes a stamp tax on all checks, drafts and all instruments of business (mortgages, loans and bonds). A tax on patent and proprietary medicine and a tax on telegraph messages and express packages is also incorporated in the bill. This scheme of taxation is estimated to raise \$35,000,000.

The tax on proprietary and patent medicines will be two cents on packages or bottles retailing at twenty-five cents or under, and four cents on those retailing above that price. The tax on telegraph messages will be one cent on all messages which cost twenty-five cents or less, and two cents on all above twenty-five cents. A duty of ten cents a pound is placed upon tea and three cents a pound upon coffee, with a countervailing internal revenue tax on stock on hand. This latter will be in the form of a tax on the sales of stocks on hand, to avoid the constitutional inhibition against a direct tax. From tea and coffee, \$28,000,000 is estimated. Bottled waters are to bear a tax similar to patent medicines.

For the pressing needs of the government, the secretary of the treasury is given the general power to issue certificates of the indebtedness payable in one year and to bear not to exceed three percent interest. The secretary of the treasury is also authorized to borrow on the credit of the government by popular subscription a loan of \$500,000,000. This loan is to be placed through the post-offices of the country, the sub-treasuries and government depositories in low-rate bonds, which are to be sold at par. They are to bear three percent interest and to be redeemable after five years at the option of the government and to be due in twenty years. The principal and interest are to be payable in coin. The measure will be presented to the full committee probably Monday, and it will be brought into the house as soon as the war resolutions are signed by the President.

COMMUNITY AT ZOAR TO END.

Goes into Liquidation After Seventy-five Years of Existence.

TOLEDO, O., April 17.—After seventy-five years of life the community at Zoar has given up the experiment of its existence, and the one hundred and thirty-six faithful members of the flock have just been awarded their allotment of the common grounds and the other property held by the Society of Separatists, as they have been called. For several years the members of the society have been leaving the little town and going out into the world until it is stated that a number equal to half of those who remain have left the community. These are absolutely cut off, as the state of Ohio decided some time ago that the agreement drawn by old John Baumbler, the original king of the society, is perfectly good in law, and that deserters could not claim individual shares without the consent of the entire society.

The dissension has become so great within the past few months that the society decided to go into voluntary liquidation, and for that purpose Messrs. Henry Fisher and William Broecker of Bolivar, and Samuel Folz, of New Philadelphia, were invited to act as commissioners and divide the 8,000 acres of rich lands in Tuscarawas county, owned by the society.

The value of this property and improvements is so large that each man, woman, and child in the community comes in for a sum approximating \$12,000.

THE DAILY WORK.

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It's the daily work of the little conqueror. The workings right here in Wheeling. Lifting burdens from helpless backs. Bringing sunshine to many a home. It's deeds that count.

That bring the never-ceasing sounds of praise. The public are learning fast. Learning to appreciate merit. Learning to distinguish between claims and proof. Home proof is the best proof.

Doan's Kidney Pills are endorsed by Wheeling people. Read what a citizen says: Mr. Robert Tensdale, who carries on the extensive coal and ice business at the corner of Sixteenth and Chapline streets, says: "The pain in my back, generally of a dull, heavy nature, was located just over the kidneys. When I attempted to do any lifting or stooping, sharp twinges shot through me, and I was often so bad that I could scarcely get around. In getting up and around I often had observe the greatest ease unless I wished to incur excruciating pains. I felt pretty well otherwise only I could not trust my back. Both of my sons had been complaining of their backs hurting them and when I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at the Logan Drug Co., they also took some and in each of our cases the result was the same, the pain left almost at once. Our backs felt stronger, and more robust. I honestly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering with their kidneys."

What Doan's Kidney Pills have done for others, they will do for you. They are sold for 50 cents per box. If your dealer doesn't keep them, write us, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

THE farmer, the mechanic and the bicycle rider are liable to unexpected cuts and bruises. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is the best thing to keep on hand. It heals quickly, and is a well known cure for piles. Charles R. Goetze, Market and Twelfth streets; Nathan Sinclair, Forty-sixth and Jacob streets; A. E. Scheele, No. 607 Main street; Erley Brown, Penn and Zane streets; Bowie & Co., Bridgeport. 5-

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The housewife's duties are harder than men realize. Cleaning alone is a constant tax on her strength, a never-ended task. More than half the work of cleaning she can have done for her, if she will, and the expense will be next to nothing.

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**FOR MEN** CHECKS IN 6 HOURS. CURES IN 3 DAYS. C. H. GRIST & CO., 39 Market Street, Wheeling.

**PUBLIC SALES.** Under the authority of a deed of assignment made by Hannah Emshelmer and Emanuel Emshelmer, her husband, dated on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1897, and recorded in the office of the clerk of the county court of Ohio county, West Virginia, Deed of Trust Book 3, page 33, the undersigned assignee will, on SATURDAY, APRIL 20, A. D. 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the north door of the court house of Ohio county, aforesaid, sell at public auction the following described real estate, that is to say: All that part of lot No. 33 on Main street, in the city of Wheeling, on which is erected a three-story brick house, which part of said lot fronts forty-four (44) feet, more or less, on Main street, and is one hundred and thirty-two (132) feet, more or less, in depth, and is bounded on the west by Main street; on the south by a private alley; on the east by lot formerly conveyed by Mary L. Dorsey to Adeline Fekelbach, and on the north by all that part of lot No. 33 north of the northern wall of the said three-story brick house; being the same property which was conveyed to the said Hannah Emshelmer by W. H. Frank and wife by deed dated October 31, A. D. 1892, and recorded in Deed Book No. 89, page 425, together with all the buildings and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

The said deed of assignment provides that out of the proceeds of sale, after the payment of expenses, the assignee shall next discharge any proper taxes or incumbrances that may be upon the property sold, and after doing so shall pay the balance of the proceeds pro rata upon the indebtedness of the said Hannah Emshelmer. Upon the above described property are two liens existing at the time of the said assignment. One of these is a deed of trust made by the said Hannah Emshelmer and Emanuel, her husband, to J. D. Ewing, trustee, dated October 1, 1897, and recorded in said clerk's office in Deed of Trust Book 35, page 185, to secure certain notes payable to W. H. Frank. The other is a deed of trust made by the said Hannah Emshelmer and Emanuel, her husband, to Gustave H. Emshelmer, trustee, dated January 1, 1897, and recorded in said clerk's office in Deed of Trust Book 35, page 181, to secure Henry Speyer against loss as accommodation endorser or guarantor of the said Hannah Emshelmer. After the payment of expenses the proceeds of sale will be applied, so far as necessary, to the said liens in the order in which they have been named above.

**TERMS OF SALE.** One-third of the purchase price, and so much more as the purchaser may elect to pay, cash on the day of sale, and the residue in two equal installments, payable in one and two years respectively after the day of sale, with interest from that day. The deferred installments shall be secured by a deed of trust upon the property, with satisfactory insurance to be kept up by the purchaser.

**SAMUEL KRAFT,** Assignee and Trustee. Wheeling, W. Va., March 29, 1898. m-2

**INSURANCE.** **GEORGE BAIRD.** Soliciting Agent for The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

Also acts as agent for Borough's Registering Accountant (Adding Machine). Your business solicited. Address Room 6, Exchange Bank Building, Wheeling, W. Va. j-13

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